

Snows in Hell

by Eyes Behind the Mask

Category: Halloween

Genre: Horror, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Michael M., OC

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-03-24 01:38:43

Updated: 2014-03-24 01:38:43

Packaged: 2016-04-26 22:24:17

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,654

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Rachel continued to visit the Myers House nightly, and he was always there, waiting for her. Just like she knew he would be. Follow up to 'Trick or Treat' and 'Never Leave You Lonely'. For KLeslie.

Snows in Hell

You won't be waiting for my return. I promise baby - you'll burn...

Now it snows in hell. We're done masquerading. This is the day foretold til death do us part. Now it snows in Hell. No, you won't be waiting. I've gone away but I've got you in my heart, all frozen and scarred...

- Lordi 'It Snows in Hell'

* * *

><p>"I'll never leave you lonely."<p>

Rachel never went a day without those words crossing her mind and what was more she still had the scrap of paper bearing his promise, unlike his first message to her that still sat in an evidence locker at the police station.

She had more than just his words, though. There was no waiting for him to return, not anymore.

She had him.

* * *

><p>October 1st, 1989<p>

"I'll be back later. Don't wait up for me." Rachel said as she made her way out of the front door of the apartment she shared with her roommate Jennifer. Predictably Jennifer didn't even look away from her show, she was used to Rachel's late night trips by now after spending the better part of 6 months living with her. It certainly beat living back home, where her frequent late excursions had brought down her parent's wrath fueled by worry and fear. It had been after one too many fights over late nights out that she'd packed up her things despite their protests and answered Jennifer's ad in the paper seeking someone to share the tiny apartment.

In some ways she could understand her parent's concern for her, even managing to not be too angry at the lengths they had gone to to keep her in the house after dark. To keep her safe, in their minds. They had refused to allow her to return to school, even to a different school as she'd continued her tradition of remaining tightlipped with her therapist, and later on showing defiance by continuing to evade every attempt to keep her in line, inside the house at night.

But they didn't understand. And how could they? After that fateful night that she'd secured that promise from him, she couldn't not go to him. While she had given up on any idea of having anything approaching a normal life with him, she treasured what she did have, those nights in the forever vacant house. No one would ever buy the house, no matter how much they marked it down, or made attempts to give it any sort of curb appeal. That house was forever Michael's, and no one dared to change that.

It was there she would find him, every night, waiting for her. At first she'd been worried that eventually someone would catch on to the fact that the supposedly empty house had frequent nocturnal occupants, but so much time had passed without incident that she'd become brazen enough to walk right through the front door on occasion.

And it was always unlocked.

* * *

><p>He didn't even have to wonder anymore if it was her opening the door and starting up the stairs. It always was, and she'd become an almost nightly fixture for him. It was more rare that she didn't eventually wind up in this bed with him, and on those occasions he went out instead, creeping through the darkened streets towards wherever she might be, searching.<p>

Michael always managed to find her too, not that she made it very difficult. Sometimes he did no more than look in her window, as if trying to confirm she was there wasn't any sinister reason behind her absence, and every so often she would open the window or door and let him in although those instances were even more rare.

He heard her coming up the stairs now, and felt his cock stir reflexively within his jumpsuit. The girl seemed to have that effect on him, and as time had passed it only served to grow more immediate. Just thinking about her, and the things she'd do could sometimes get him excited, and in some ways the fact that she held that sort of power bothered him. It made him feel vulnerable in a way he wasn't sure he liked, but he did know he liked her, looked forward to her arrival.

Rachel wasted no time in stripping her clothing off for him, starting before she even reached the room, leaving her sweats and top along with her panties in a trail behind her. It wasn't like she had to worry about anyone other than Michael seeing her after all, no one dared come here. When she was here, she felt even more at home than she ever had in any other place she'd been. It was if she belonged here, with him.

"Honey, I'm home." The girl called teasingly before stepping into the bedroom. Michael watched as she sauntered in, feeling that tightness starting to grow, wanting her. Without another word, she approached and knelt on the bed, and looking over her shoulder teasingly dropped forward onto her hands, and as usual she didn't have to wait long. He never disappointed her. Rachel could hear his breathing getting heavier behind the mask, and heard the soft rustle of fabric along with the sharp tug of a zipper, and then his hands were on her hips. Almost teasingly he slid them over her bare flesh, and then he drew closer and she could feel something else pressing against her.

"Oh god yeah, Michael. I want it." Rachel whispered, wriggling her hips invitingly. Quickly he wrapped an arm around her waist to play with her clit and with the other he teased his rapidly hardening meat against that already wet slit, before suddenly pushing forward into her, to her delight. She moaned appreciatively, rocking back against him as he continued to press in, her insides fluttering on that hardness that filled her up like nothing else could.

Michael responded by grinding deeper into that slick wetness, driving another groan from Rachel, wriggling as he continued to play with her. How he managed to make her feel so fucking alive, she'd never know but the way he tweaked her swollen nub while sliding even deeper inside of her was enough to almost set her off then and there. She shifted a bit, not wanting to come just yet, wanting more from him. In return he tightened his arm around her and began to rub more insistently, tearing a long moan from her lips.

Despite her resolve, she found herself coming closer by the second, clutching the coverlet as he continued to plow into her, his breathing getting louder, harsher, more insistent.

"I want it somewhere else, Michael..." She whispered, trying to hold out for a few moments longer and losing the battle, her toes curling as he brought her off, clutching the covers so tightly her hands hurt. Lowering her upper body to the mattress, her ass high in the air, she huffed to catch her breath, spasming on that still thrusting cock.

He paused, pulling out of her wet opening, seemingly admiring the view before him, before almost playfully swatting her left cheek. Rachel squeaked, before brazenly shaking her ass, almost daring him to do it again. Perhaps it appealed to something in him, because he rewarded her with another, before suddenly sitting down on the bed. He hauled the squirming girl up over his lap and slowly, he dragged a finger through the slick juices and traced back and up to that puckered pink flesh, netting a long moan from her. Rachel clamped reflexively as he teased that finger in more, just barely breaching her, growing even wetter as he played at loosening her up, sinking his finger in further.

"God... yeah, I want it, please." Rachel groaned, wriggling more. As if taking pity on her, he withdrew the finger then, and let her crawl up, still sitting on the edge of the bed, as if waiting for her. Rachel didn't waste a moment in settling her self onto his lap again, facing him, and draping an arm around his shoulder, using her free hand to steady his meat before slowly lowering herself onto him. She groaned hard as the head popped into that tight opening, pausing a moment to allow herself to grow used to him again. Even though this was a fairly regular event for the both of them, and she craved it almost nightly there was still the fact that he was large, and that took adjusting to. He waited patiently at first, before finally placing his hands back on her waist and slowly pulling her the rest of the way down onto him, listening as she mewled and whined as he rooted himself in her.

Michael began to rock up slowly against her, taking his time for now, as she wrapped her other arm around him and pressed her face into his neck. Reaching down between her legs he began to rub her clit again, drawing another moan from her as she closed her eyes and simply focused on that feeling of fullness and the waves of pleasure beginning to rise up inside of her.

Rachel closed her eyes tighter, ready to ride out the inevitable orgasm she could already feel building deep within. She kissed his neck softly, clutching him tighter as he pushed her over the edge once again, feeling utterly at home here, with him, where she belonged.

* * *

><p>Afterwards, when they lay curled on the bed, Rachel's back against his chest as they lay there recovering from their deed, Rachel contemplated this thing they shared. While she knew that for her it was definitely love, and one deeper than she'd ever felt for anyone, so powerful it scared her sometimes, she wondered sometimes what she meant to him.<p>

While she thought about it often, and hoped and wished for it, at the end of the day she wasn't quite sure he was even capable of feelings the way she was. That thought bothered her sometimes, the idea that the man she was so tangled up in was too too... different to return her sentiments. She didn't hold it against him though, on some level she understood it, and after all she did know that she must mean something to him, to be able to return here night after night and leave utterly unscathed.

Some things had never changed. Rachel would do the talking for both of them, he still had yet to utter a word to her, and she had yet to see his face despite the few times she'd humbly asked for it. The answer had always been a silent yet emphatic NO, and she'd never pressed beyond a simple request. For the most part she'd accepted it long ago, but sometimes she resented that piece of latex that formed a barrier between the two of them. The only one left, truly. But then again, what did something that trivial really matter in the end? She didn't need to know what he looked like under that mask after all, all she cared about was how he made her feel.

While she spent nearly every single night with him she never woke up beside him, he'd always made it a point to leave before she stirred. That as well had bothered her in the beginning, back when she wasn't

quite sure if he'd return. He always had though, and as time passed she'd grown to understand that he'd meant what he'd written in that note he'd left for her. He would never leave her wanting, and he'd always come back. That knowledge didn't stop her from pressing closer against him however, as if preparing for the moment she'd wake and he'd be gone. Maybe just this once, she'd wake to find him beside her.

In some ways she'd wondered if it had played into his obsessive tendencies, but whatever the reasoning behind it, she was happy with what they had. Rachel knew enough to never ever expect anything more overtly stated, and she supposed she was fine with that. The note, which had become almost faded with how many times she had folded and unfolded it just to see those words again, was something that never left her pocket. While she now had memories, and plenty of them, she'd clung to the note as a physical reminder of him.

It wouldn't ever be anything approaching normal, and at the end of the day she honestly didn't care. It was enough. Michael stirred behind her, and at first she thought he was preparing to get up and leave. She sighed hard, and he went still again, before moving his hands to her hips, gently. Rachel rocked back against him, wordlessly expressing her desire, smiling softly as she felt him grow hard against the small of her back. Turning her head slightly to look at him, she nudged him again, a little more demanding this time. He obliged her by tugging her a little more up and towards him, before reaching to position himself again at her wetness.

Rachel kissed his masked chin softly, groaning lowly as he entered, and began a slow, steady rhythm, almost as if he were attempting to rock her to sleep. There was no urgency here, not for him it seemed. She closed her eyes again and wrapped a leg up and over him as his arm went around her, hand on her breast, slowly kneading.

"Oh Michael... I love you. I hope you know that," She murmured, sighing again as he struck a particularly sensitive spot within her. It was slow, and almost sweet, she mused, and she wondered if maybe this was his way of telling her what he couldn't express in words. She twisted around again to kiss him again, eyes still closed. The latex was smooth and warm on her lips, and she could almost pretend it was his flesh without trying too terribly hard.

They lay that way for some time, him leisurely pumping in and out of her, ghosting his hands up and down over her flesh, and she pressing closer against him, occasionally stealing another kiss, tightening her leg against him.

Any doubts she'd harbored were gone now, as he continued to show her exactly how he felt. When she finally came, it wasn't the soaring high it usually was with him that sent her back arching and left her gasping for breath, it was a slow burn, a warmth that settled throughout her as sleep claimed her.

* * *

><p>"Let go of me! What the fuck, let go of me!" Rachel shouted, flailing as the orderlies wrestled her down to her bed and the nurse advanced quickly with tranquilizers all ready to go.

_"Hurry up, you know she's godawful strong when she has one of these

outbursts!" One of the orderlies said, trying to hold her as steadily as possible for the nurse to plunge the needle in and deliver the chemical restraints necessary to render her harmless. _

_Just as suddenly as she'd gone off, Rachel was quiet now, the drugs working quickly to stupefy her. The nurse sighed, and shook her head.

_

_"What set her off this time? You two didn't say anything to bring this on, did you? I've told you both before not to so much as breathe that man's name, let alone tease her about those delusions of hers. You know damn well the last time this happened she almost put Gracey's eye out before we managed to get her down." She scolded, disposing of the needle in the sharps container. _

_"We didn't say anything! Honest, she just flipped out. She was just sitting there at the table when she looked over at the calendar and then it was all we could do to stop her from trying to bash Ed's face in!" Jack, the older of the two orderlies said. Ed the younger one nodded in agreement. _

"It's like she saw something there, and it just set her off."

_The nurse looked at both of them skeptically, before turning to look at the calendar, a smiling jack o'lantern peering off the page at her. _

"Oh. Well, I'll have someone take it down or cover up the picture or something. If that's truly the case, then she's getting worse. I'll make a note to speak to Dr. Lynwood."

* * *

><p>They didn't understand and how could they? Rachel didn't care anymore about any of that. All she cared about was seeing him again, tonight. The drugs brought a strange sense of lucidity, something fleeting these days, and she smirked as she sat and took in the white walls. Did any of them really think they'd be able to keep her away from him? Foolish to assume it. If they only knew what she knew about him, the lengths he would go to once he'd decided he wanted something. The newspaper articles and true crime novels he'd inspired that she'd began to obsessively read after their first encounter had gotten that fact right, once Michael had chosen someone, he never stopped. Ever.<p>

Rachel began to laugh, softly. Jennifer as usual paid her no mind, far too wrapped up in her own internal issues to respond whatsoever to her. They'd see though, when he came. Although there wouldn't be anyone left to tell 'I told you so' to at that point, that didn't really matter at all.

Rachel slipped her hand down the front of her panties, and closed her eyes as she began to rub, slowly at first. There wasn't anything to do now, but wait.

It didn't take much imagination to picture him there, her hands instead his own, coaxing that tight feeling in the pit of her stomach slowly, teasingly. Rachel moaned softly at first, only to become louder as her fingers continued to do the walking, by now utterly unaware of her surroundings and instead wrapped back up in her

fantasies.

* * *

><p>Rachel looked into his dark eyes, mischief sparkling in her own. She slowly reached for the knife, eyes still locked on his as she moved. While he'd never done anything other than tease her with it occasionally during some of their wilder moments together, something she'd come to enjoy actually, he'd never failed to have it on him or within an arms reach at all times. He remained motionless, and that bolder part of her thrilled to think that if anyone else attempted something like this they'd find that cold, sharp metal carving through their flesh in short order. To be fair though, she supposed that to do anything with him courted disaster, and this was merely an extension of his trust.<p>

She brought the blade up slowly, facing upwards, and with a wicked gleam in her eyes she teased the tip around her lips, darting out her small, pink tongue to flick at the silvery metal. Opening her mouth slightly, she eased just the tip in, still tonguing at it, carefully.

He watched as she played with his knife, before he shot a hand up quickly, grabbing for it. Boldness forgotten, Rachel squeaked and nearly dropped it into his hand, where he immediately rammed the blade into the wooden headboard, hard enough to shake the bed and leave it embedded in the dark wood. Then he grabbed for Rachel, tugging her up and over his lap, swatting hard at her ass as if telling her he was not amused with her show.

"I was just teasing... Ow!" Rachel pouted, squirming on his lap as he slid his hand over her now pink cheeks almost teasingly before smacking her again, a bit harder this time. She could feel his hard cock against her, and it only made her more excited, made her want him even more. "Come on Michael... stop it, and I'll show you something else I could do with my mouth." She whined, jerking as he swatted her once more for good measure before rolling her off, and onto the mattress.

He began to unzip his dark coveralls, reaching in to draw out his hardness, almost absentmindedly stroking it as he regarded the girl on the bed before him. She flashed him a wicked smile, before placing a hand on his chest and gently pushing against him.

"Lay down, and I'll show you what I meant." She whispered, already feeling the wetness between her legs begin to grow at the thought of what she was about to do. Michael stared at her, and for a moment she thought he was going to just shove her down on the bed and fuck her from behind to further illustrate his disapproval of her earlier stunt when he complied, laying back slowly and carefully, eyes still on her. Rachel crawled over to him, and reached for his cock, and began to stroke it herself, softly.

Opening her mouth, she darted her tongue out and slowly ran it up the length of his shaft, swirling it on the head before blowing softly, laughing slightly as he twitched. She opened wider and took just the head in, sucking and flicking her tongue at the slit, drawing a low groan from him. He reached for her hair and laced his fingers through it, tugging softly, encouragingly, wants more. Rachel took more of him into her mouth, and began to bob slowly, before she began to work

it a little faster, gratified as the salty taste of pre-cum made itself known.

Suddenly, he took his hands out of her hair, and brought the to her hips, hauling her up and on top of him, facing away from him. Rachel's heart leapt as she realized what he was about to do, yet she continued to suck at him, almost wanting to make a contest of it at this point. After all, she was in the lead. he reached up to tug the mask up, and wasted no time in bringing his mouth to her wet pussy and took a long, slow lick before bringing a hand up and sliding a finger inside of her to help bring her along.

Rachel groaned on his cock as he continued to work, pulling back to work just the head of his meat as she felt him pulse in her mouth, knowing he must be getting close now. As if not willing to let her win, he latched onto her clit and began to tease, alternating between flicking it and sucking at it, adding another finger and pumping a bit faster. Rachel clamped down on his finger, shivering as he curled them and continued to thrust them inside of her. She continued to work at his cock, feeling him stiffen slightly under her before he let go in her mouth, letting her be the victor this time. She swallowed greedily, and pulled off to moan and writhe as he returned the favor to her.

* * *

><p>"Well at least she's finally quiet. Mostly, anyway. Do you think she is even aware of half the shit she says?" Jack commented as he passed by the door to the room Rachel and Jennifer occupied.

_"What I wonder is if she has any idea of the shows she puts on in there late at night." Ed smirked, being a frequent observer to Rachel's seemingly impromptu episodes of stripping and touching herself in her room at all hours of the night. It was really something he was supposed to go and report to the nurses station, but he rarely did unless it seemed that she was becoming too loud or potentially violent. Ed saw it as a sort of perk of the job, Lord knew he wasn't going to get rich working in this place. _

_"She'd be my favorite patient on the whole ward, if I could overlook the whole obsession with a mass murderer and her penchant for violent tantrums." Jack replied, having also been a witness to Rachel's nightly activities. "She's pretty deeply deluded though, if you ever really listen to her. Convinced that she lives in an apartment with that other nut and somehow sneaks off to Haddonfield out to that run down old house to fuck that madman every night." _

_"It was repeatedly breaking into the house and getting violent with the cops that landed her in here in the first place. I mean, in a way I guess you have to feel sorry for her, but there was a point that enough was enough, you know? That officer was nice enough to not press charges when she came at him that last time, but insisted that since her parents could not seem to keep her in check that something needed to be done before someone got seriously hurt." _

_Rachel's groaning became louder, and they both stayed outside the door for a little while longer than necessary before they continued down the hall, snickering. _

* * *

><p>Halloween would be approaching soon, but that wasn't what he was thinking about at this particular moment. He was thinking of her, that girl. Rachel. If he tried hard enough, sometimes he could even remember how she smelled, and how she tasted. For a brief moment he wondered if she ever thought about that night, or any of many ones that had followed. It didn't take very long for him to decide that wherever she was now, she probably still did.<p>

When she'd stopped coming to the house at first he'd been content to let it pass, but as the days went by, he found he missed the routine, and even more jarringly, missed her. He thought on the note he'd left her over a year ago, the one he'd occasionally see on the floor next to her jeans where it had escaped her pocket as she disrobed for him, and he felt that tugging in him that had become familiar.

It was difficult for him to parse out exactly what she meant to him. While it had all started out as a novelty, something unexpected and a twisted game he'd been unable to resist playing, as time had passed it had become something more than that. The girl had become more than that as well. While he might be too far gone for something like love, it went beyond mere obsession and possessiveness. He didn't have a name for it, and for that matter there probably wasn't one in existence for it. It was foreign to him, but something he'd come to know, and now being without it made him feel strange. He did know enough to realize that whatever his feelings were, he did not like being without her.

It was time to go make good on his promise, again.

* * *

><p>Rachel's imagination and frustrated rubbing had finally paid off, and she felt her orgasm wash over her, noting somewhat bitterly that it was lacking, that it was no where as near as deep and powerful as the ones she'd experienced with him. She rolled onto her side, looking towards the safety glassed window, the embedded wires and grates almost mocking her.<p>

It was then she saw something stir beyond the glass, something familiar and white.

Rachel rose from the bed and went to the window, peering out into the darkness, meeting his eyes there, and smiling softly.

* * *

><p>The end...?<p>

End
file.